

me

F O U R

43
3

O D E S.

[Price One Shilling.]

FOUR

OD ES

[Price One Shilling]

FOUR
O D E S,
INTENDED FOR
C H O R U S E S

To a TRAGEDY, altered from SHAKESPEAR,
On the Death of JULIUS CÆSAR.

By the Rev. Mr. HUDSON.

L O N D O N,
Printed for L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS, against Gray's Inn, Holborn,
Printers to the Royal Society.
MDCCLIX.

O D E I.

After the FIRST ACT.

TO LIBERTY.

THE fable Queen of Shades retires,
Encircled with her fading fires ;
Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
With flow wing black'ning many a league of sky.
Go, melancholy Goddess, go,
Nurse of Despondency and Woe.
'Tis time : the Cock's shrill clarion calls
The Dawn, and strikes the prowling Wolf with fear,
And bids the Phantoms disappear,
That glimmer midst yon mouldring walls :

B

They

They startle at the sound,
And gliding o'er the trackless ground,
Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.

No more the livid lightnings play:
The terrors of ærial tumults cease,
Hush'd to Serenity and smiling Peace.

For, lo! in heav'n's ambrosial bow'rs,
Wak'd by the Stationary Hours,
Parent of Day, the Morn unveils her eyes,
And vermeil blushes streak the orient skies,
How Nature triumphs at the sight,
Renew'd in all her beauty bright!
Her fragrant groves their incense yield;
The Zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse
The sweetness of mellifluous dews;
And Pleasure paints the lillied field.

Here

Here, gilt with splendid rays,
The spires and lofty turrets blaze ;
There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam ;
While dancing down the pebly stream
The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng :
Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the Morn, will fairest FREEDOM come,

In majesty divine,
With dawning glory to disperse the gloom
Of dire Oppression? and illumine the mind
To Darkness and Despondency confin'd?

Arise, O LIBERTY! 'tis thine

The charms of Nature to refine ;
With blooming Hope and Harmony to please,
To crown with Plenty, and to bless with Ease,

To light up awful *Virtue's* living ray,
And pour the flood of intellectual day.

Place me in *AFRIC's* desert lands,
Where Thirst fits gasping on the sands;
If *there* auspicious *FREEDOM* fix her seat,
'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat;
Soon shall the Wild, more polish'd grown,
Admire new beauties, not her own:
Sage Industry shall dig the well
Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep;
While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Stand frequent in the cooling cell:
Soon shall the mantling vine
Be taught around the palm to twine;
And social arts the stranger *NAIADS* wake,
That sleep beneath the distant lake,

Curious

Curious to view young *Commerce* gayly roam,
And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the *gelid Zone*,
Near *Winter's* adamant throne,
Where farthest Ocean foams with icy roar
Along the bleak, inhospitable shore :
If *FREEDOM* to the smoky dome
With fur-cloth'd mortals deign to roam ;
Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek :
What hinders to enjoy the freezing Year !
For *Property* will there appear ;
And chearful *Health*, with rosy cheek,
Pursue the panting prey ;
Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
Sit chaunting on the mountain's crystal brow,
Where hanging torrents shine below ;

Nor

Nor will Cimmerian *Sleep* forget to bring
Safe Slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, *Celestial*, let thy wish'd return

This happier clime *serene* ;

This happier clime, if ROME thy absence mourn,

No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,

Nor BAIA's groves, nor rich CAMPANIA's plains :

Heartless we view the splendid scene

Of turrets, and the painted green ;

Heartless the music of the groves we hear,

As when, new harness'd out by Wrath and Fear,

Night's chariot moves in storms ; and thunders hurl'd

Roll their broad terrors round the groaning World.

O D E

O D E II.

After the SECOND ACT.

To F A N C Y.

WHERE art thou, FANCY, visionary Maid?
Whose lenient artifice and easy aid
Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,
And soothe the pensive soul to rest?
Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd,
With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning Wind;
Or by the Brook's loquacious channel stray,
Where the deep dimpled Eddies play;
Haste thee, from the blended glow
Of beauties in yon lucid bow,

With

With fine-spun light, and golden beams,
Softly weave thy waking dreams:

Bid the rang'd ideas fly,

Op'ning to the ravish'd eye

A glimpse of bliss, where gay Desire is found
Sporting with Youth, while Music wakes around.

Behold the variegated prospect rise!
What gallant harmony! what glad surprize!
The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains

Collects the Nymphs and Shepherd Swains.

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
And heifers, 'midst the neighb'ring pastures feed.
Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithesome pair

Have bid adieu to pine and care.

See them hand in hand advance

Circling in the smooth-pac'd dance;

Now

Now to numbers quaint they stray,
Bounding on the mazy way !
The Goldfinch and the Linnet nigh
Join the simple minstrelsy :
The simple notes, and merry gambols fire
(Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each ancient Sire.

But, see ! where *Solitude*, of sober mien,
With Health and Modesty, her charming maids,
Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen
To rove beneath the venerable shades !
O harmless cottages ! O happy glades !

Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,
No discontent the quiet breast invades :
How pleasant 'tis from this fair-season'd shore
To hear the tumbling Ocean's wavy roar !

C

Now

Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,
Thy rapt enthusiast, FANCY, wilt thou lead?
What other scenes of more sincere delight

The Goddess and her guest invite?
She, like the SYBIL with the golden bough,
Descends to search the sacred realms below.

In amaranthine bow'rs the Blest appear,

By pearly grot or fountain clear:

To Heroes' Ghosts, or scepter'd Kings,

The laurell'd Bard divinely sings.

Hark! the animating strains

Warble thro' th' *Elysian* plains:

When the pause admits delay,

Thus th'immortals seem to say,

(Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)

For ever thus, for ever we rejoice.

What

What sad transition? means this rising show!
 To drive out real pain with fancy'd woe?
 I see the mourners in the darken'd room,
 The rustic Hearse, the letter'd Tomb.
 Still, still the wayward, wild Ideas take
 The solemn livery of Death, and wake
 Tender-ey'd Pity, as the village-train
 The shrouded *Husbandman* sustain.
 What semblances of wretched plight
 'Mid the procession strike the sight?
 Ah! 'tis *Grief* herself appears,
 Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears;
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Reckless of th'inclement air:
 Three orphan children mark their Mother's moan,
 Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapless Images; away
 Delusive *Fancy*; with thy subtle heat
 No more thy vain machinery display,
 Now the dank grave, and now the green retreat:
Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit,
 Sister of *Wisdom* SHE; of aspect mild:
 Who makes the golden mean her certain feat,
 And looks on *Casualty* as *Nature*'s Child;
 To heav'n's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

O D E

O D E III.

After the THIRD ACT.

On TRUE GREATNESS.

LET who will climb the tow'ry steep
Of Sov'reignty, with slipp'ry strides,

Where, on the bosom of the Deep

Below, the pitchy Pinnacle rides:

A Death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,

Waves ghastly; and a sable crew

Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,

Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash Unfortunate.

Mine be the low and level way,

Amid the quiet Vale to stray,

Safe

Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely asphodel.

There fits the calm, the rural Sage,

With Nature's Volume fair in view ;

And meditates the shining Page,

Replete with wonders ever new:

While Wisdom points, on either hand,

Where Plants, and Herbs, and Flowrets stand

In em'rald Groves, and shadowy Glades,

In furzy Moors, or musky smelling Meadows

Truth, in her liquid glass serene,

To him explains each moral scene:

And the quiet Vale to stay, Oft

Oft, in the downward skies, a train
Of tinsel Insects he surveys,
Or Glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
Just emblem of Court Greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
The spirited and youthful Lark,
Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled East,
Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air ;
Late the low tenant of the rushy nest
Now sings unrival'd in his radiant sphere.
The pond'ring hermit then sees Merit roam,
Above the Nurslings of the Courtly Dome,
On Glory's sparkling Wheels, rais'd from its humble home.

First

First of the families of fame
That ROME's imperial City grace,
From rural Huts and Hamlets came
The FABIAN and FABRICIAN Race;
With that firm Judge that could contemn
And banish the proud Diadem.
To *Sabine* fields she owes the Vine,
Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's Column twine;
Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
And stands the icy touch of Death.
The leafless stock, that Fortune dooms
To wither, with returning Spring
(While the glad Flocks of Freedom sing)
Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double Vigour blooms.

Hark !

Hark ! hark ! 'tis BRUTUS' name I hear,
 Join'd with his fair, heroic Bride;
 To Honour's hallow'd Fane they steer,
 Along the favourable tide;
 To her and Safety there to place
 The Tablet, vow'd to Human Race:
 Blow, ev'ry kind and gentle gale
 Of Gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.
 High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
 Of white and amber clouds combin'd,
 ROME'S GENIUS lifts his august head;
 Now slow descending nearer draws,
 Hail'd with the popular Applause,
 And bids the solemn Pageantry proceed.

D

Go

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
 Ye sacred Salii, lead the way:
 Next let the Order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march, a num'rous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
 As CYBELE thro' *Phrygian* cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
 A hundred Gods her gorgeous car surround.
 A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals sound.

O D E

O D E IV.

After the FOURTH ACT.

T O C O N C O R D.

S O U L of the World, first Mover, say,
From thee what glorious being came,
Pow'rful to raise this universal Frame?
Who taught the pond'rous Wheels to play?
Gave Beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
And cloth'd with ambient Day the crystal skies?
'Twas C O N C O R D, who enthron'd above,
With sevenfold adamant chains
The Path of wand'ring Orbs restrains,
Kindles the genial fire of Love,

D 2

And

And walks the Courts of genuine Light,
(While all Heav'n hails the wonders of her fight)
Where Blifs has banish'd Chance, and fore Annoy,
And Goodness fills the cup of gen'ral Joy.

Nor is she to the Heav'ns confin'd;
Forth on the Morning's wings she rides,
She skims the glowing Ev'ning's purple tides,
And leaves the setting Sun behind.
Where Doves sit cooing at the Noontide hour,
And Linnets warble in the Woodbine bow'r;
Where the pale Moon her lustre spreads,
The Love-lorn Bird divides her song,
The soft Flute soothes the rural throng,
And Dew-drops load the flow'rets' heads;

Where

Where the ingenuous Chorus sings,
The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,
From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds ;
Thine, Goddess, are the charms, and thine the silver sounds.

The buxom Air, the saphire Main,
All Height and Depth confess thy gracious Reign ;
But chief is thy delight to dwell
Lodg'd in the Human Breast, thy dearest cell.

Favour and Friendship meet thee there,
And tender Transport with the gushing tear :

There Wedlock at thy altar bends,

The Halcyon Peace securely broods,

And meek Tranquillity attends

To quell unruly Rage, and sooth the swelling floods.

Now

Now by the Magic of thy tongue
 That call'd up first the rolling Spheres,
 Thro' the gay circle of revolving Years
 With rapt'rous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heav'nly Harmony to run :
 And by the virtue of th'enchanted Zone,
 Which when the fair *Idalian* Queen
 Accepts, with universal sway,
 The Smiles and winning Passions play
 In her resistless look and mein ;
 The Loves thy heav'nly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire ;
 Fresh wreaths the Graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising Daies mark the measur'd ground.

Now

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
Of which when youthful Spring awakes,
From thy abundance amply she partakes,
What time the silk-plum'd Zephyrs meet
In SABA's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes:
And by the ripen'd, redolent grace,
When *Summer* in the *Persian* fields
To sober-seeming *Autumn* yields
Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
The sky-rob'd Plum, the purple Vine,
The velvet Peach, and damask Nectarine;
While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
Gladdens POMONA with the golden show.

Great

Great Goddess! with the words of Peace
 Bid this wild Uproar of Contention cease;
 Bid Amity, with gentle ray,
 The woes that lowr on Faction's brow display.
 Shall ROME to thee a Rebel prove?
 For hellish Hate abandon heav'nly Love?
 Here, gentle CONCORD, on each breast
 Let thy Spring-sweetness bland distil,
 Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest,
 And all Mankind obey thy sov'reign Will.

F I N I S.